

THE
CHILD'S
New Year's Gift;
A
COLLECTION
OF
RIDDLES.

Adorned with Pictures.



Printed by J. Evans & Son,
43, Long-lane, London, 1833



MY body is small,
I'm pretty withal,
An abundance of words do
abound ;
I am riddle all o'er,
Behind and before,
And you need not look far but
I'm found,

A Salamander.



WHAT all consumes, best
pleases me,
covet that which others flee;
strange thing to tell, unhurt I
lie,
and live, where all the world
would die.

The Letter M.



I'M found in most countries,
 Yet not in earth or sea;
 I am in all timber,
 Yet not in any tree;
 I am in all metals,
 Yet, as I am told,
 I am not in iron, lead,
 Brass, silver, nor gold,

I am not in England,
 Yet this I can say,
 I'm to be found in West-
 Minster every day,
 I am not in thought,
 Yet never out of mind.
 And in every moment
 You may me find.

Cork-Screw.

THO' I, alas! a prisoner be,
 My trade is prisoners
 set free;
 And when I have them by the
 pole,
 I drag them upwards from
 their hole;
 Tho' some are of so stubborn
 kind,
 I'm forc'd to leave a limb be-
 hind.

Like polish'd steel I oft ap-
pear,
The drooping soul I help to
cheer,
Tho' in myself nor drink nor
food,
Yet of great service when im-
prov'd.



7
A Fart



SINCE the world first began,
I was never once seen,
Tho' every one knows, in their
presence I've been.
No sooner I'm born than I
give a loud cry,
And your noses inform you I
presently die.

A Pin.

AND tho' I'm a brazen
 fac'd sharper at best,
 No lady without my aid can
 be dress'd.

When I'm wanted I'm drag'd
 by the head to my duty;
 And am doom'd to be slave to
 the dress of a beauty.

Pair of Bellows.

I Have no eyes, and yet my
 nose is long;
 I have no mouth, and yet my
 breath is strong.
 When guts do grumble, and
 must break wind,
 I always do't before, and not
 behind.

Pair of Stays.

MY legs I can venture,
 To say within bound,
 Are twelve, if no: more,
 Tho' they ne'er touch the
 ground.

If you search for my eyes,
 More than thirty you'll find,
 And, strange to be told,
 They are always behind.

The food that my kind
 Benefactor bestows,
 receive at my eyes,
 As every one knows.
 The provision I take
 Never hinders my fight,
 I receive it at morn,
 And discharge it at night.

A Watch.

MY form is beauteous,
 To allure the sight,
 My habit gay,
 Of colour gold and white.
 When Ladies take the air,
 It is my pride,
 To walk with equal paces
 By their side.

Near their persons
 Constantly remain
 A favourite slave,
 Bound in a golden chain.
 And tho' I can
 Both speak and go alone,
 Yet are my motions
 To myself unknown.



Snuffers.



A Mouth I have got, that's
 not whiter than ink,
 And all I devour doth most
 nauseously stink;
 So much valu'd am I, that by
 none I'm refus'd;
 And the light shines the better
 whenever I'm us'd,

A Wheelbarrow.



NO mouth, no eyes, nor
yet a nose,
Two arms, two feet, and as it
goes
The feet don't touch the
ground,
But all the way the head runs
round.

A Pair of Spectacles.



Without a bridle or a sad-
 dle,
 Across a thing I ride and
 straddle;
 And those I ride, by help
 me,
 Tho' almost blind are made
 to see



MY body is thin,
 And has no guts within,
 I have neither head,
 Face, nor an eye;
 But a tail I have got,
 As long as—what not,
 And without any wings I can

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